

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Flowers for the Brave.

Here bring your purple and gold,
Glorious of color and scent!
Scarlet of tulips bold,
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the file
And the bugle piping clear:
The vivid and delicate life,
In the soul of the youthful year.

We bring to the quiet dead,
With a gentle and tempered grief;
O'er the mounds so mute we shed
The beauty of blossom and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn,
No rust shall their fame destroy!
Boughs rosy and rifts of dawn,
Take the blush on the cheek of joy.

Rich fies of the gardens and meads,
We kneel these hearts above!
What splendor shall match their deeds?
What sweetness can match our loves?
Celia Thaxter, St. Nicholas.

STORY TELLER.

Catching Crocodiles.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* translates from a French journal the following description of the singular manner in which crocodiles are captured in Cambodia:

On the 10th of February, 1878, after a long voyage through Burmah, Tenasserim, and the kingdom of Siam, I reached Pnom Penh, capitol of the Kingdom of Cambodia.

I bore with me a letter to King Norodom. I will spare you all descriptions of Pnom Penh, as well as of my reception by his majesty. What I promised you was the history of a crocodile hunt—here it is:

I had been well received at court. After having been kindly treated by the king, all his ministers did their utmost to give me a pleasant welcome. Several servants had been placed at my disposal, and also one of the court-carriages with a fine team of thoroughbred Birmanese horses.

I did not fail to inform my hosts of my passion for the chase, and for three months they had spoiled me like a child. Every day some hunting party or other had been arranged for my benefit. From the pelicourvi—a peculiar sort of little crane which I never saw anywhere else except among the lakes and shallow streams of Siam or Cambodia—to the royal tiger itself, I had hunted almost every sort of creature.

One morning on returning from my early drive I found awaiting me the sais of the prime minister, who said to me:

"Tabé, Thouann!" (Good day, servant) I replied. "Who sends you?"

"My master invites you to call upon him forthwith, at his palace."

"Forthwith—now?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I go."

And ordering my coachman to follow the Sais, who had started off at a run, I soon found his excellency awaiting me at the threshold of his dwelling.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I have disturbed you; but I acted by the king's orders. His majesty invites you to a crocodile hunt. We shall be absent at least one week."

I thanked his excellency and promised to be at his house by 5 o'clock next morning, whence we should go together to the palace to join the caravan of hunters.

At 4:30 o'clock next morning we arrived in the courtyard of the palace. A whole army of servants had already completed all necessary preparations. The horses, carriages, elephants, and palanqueens destined for the use of Norodom, his guests, and his wives, were all then near the palace front.

Further off was a long train of wagons freighted with provisions and supplies, as well as the tents and planking required for our temporary quarters.

It did not really seem as though we were going to hunt, but to war. The prime minister left me in the midst of the crowd and hastened to rejoin the king.

At precisely 5 o'clock Norodom appeared, surrounded by the high officials of his household. All those present bowed down or prostrated themselves. I took off my hat.

Norodom, I must confess, descended the palace steps with real majesty. His palankeen awaited him, he got into it, and various wives got into other similar conveyances prepared for them.

As soon as the king and his wives were in their vehicles, the rest of those entitled to the privilege of driving or riding, mounted their horses or their conveyances, and the whole

royal suite, comprising more than three hundred persons, of which number about one hundred and fifty were footmen, and twenty-five men soldiers, armed in European fashion, proceeded on its way.

At 8 o'clock we made the first halt; at midnight another halt, followed by dinner and the inevitable siesta. At 4 o'clock we halted or the night. Then the king's men proceeded to erect the edifice in which his majesty was to repose for the night—a sort of immense cage, elevated upon posts six feet above the soil. Below this cage was another structure for the king's harem. The twenty-five soldiers formed a circle about this portable palace, and kept all the rest of us a distance from it. Great fires were then lighted in a circle around the whole encampment to keep dangerous wild beasts at a distance. The evening's meal was prepared. At 8 o'clock the sentinels were posted, the fires fed with plenty of wood, and we lay down and slept without paying any attention to the roaring of the tigers.

Next day the same ceremonies were repeated. The day after, about 9 o'clock in the morning, we arrived at the shores of a little lake, about two and a half miles in circumference, which had been our point of destination, and which, we were assured, was haunted by innumerable crocodiles.

Our camp was pitched on the western shore of the lake, and preparations to catch the great saurians were immediately begun.

The minister, by order of Norodom, placed the chief of the hunters under my orders. That signified that he was to keep me perfectly well informed about everything which might take place.

The chief conducted me some distance to the right of the camp, and showed me a company of some fifty Cambodians busy binding together a number of smooth planks by means of bamboo ropes.

About twenty of these rafts (I cannot tell them by any other name which expresses their form well) were soon finished.

Near by a number of other men were engaged in preparing strong running nooses, made also of bamboo filaments.

After inspecting these rafts and noose factories, the chief took forty men with him, and all of us skirting the lake, made our way to its eastern bank.

The most absolute silence was enjoined upon all.

On reaching the south-western part of the shore, the chief, whom I followed closely, approached the bank. In answer to my question, he said:

"Thouann, I am looking for the sliding-paths of the crocodiles—the places they choose for leaving the water and climbing upon the shore. See!" he observed, suddenly pointing to a declivity trampled smooth—as level as if heavy cannon had been constantly rolled over it, "there's where they come out. If we can notice him, the one who comes here will not be easy to nail."

Nail? I only wondered in my mind, but my eyes must have been like two points of interrogation, for the chief of the hunters added after looking at me a moment: "Yes, nail! You are going to see something you never saw before in your life."

He posted a sais at this path, and we continued our inspection. Thirty points were chosen, and thirty men were stationed at them.

Before turning back to camp I said to the chief:

"But I have not noticed a single crocodile on the water—are you sure there are any crocodiles?"

He did not answer; but taking a piece of wood, he wrapped it in a bit of red cloth and flung it about twenty yards out into the water.

Fifteen seconds passed—a few wavelets appeared on the still mirror of the lake; there was a sort of dull sound, followed by a great shock in the water. I could not see anything distinctly; but the wood wrapped in red cloth had disappeared.

We returned to the raftmaking establishment. Thirty rafts—fifteen feet long by about four broad—were ready. A hundred running nooses were also prepared for operations.

At a signal from the leader all the men not on duty as soldiers followed him. Each raft was carried by four men, while about a dozen followed us with the ropes. "To-morrow morning the baits," said the chief, "will be attached to the rafts—about 3 o'clock—quarters of meat."

We came to the first crocodile bank, and preparations were made to place the first strap in position.

Four men laid the raft on the bank, and then gently pushed it down the slope till the further end was about two feet under water. This bank—like all other spots chosen—was overshadowed by a tree, in which one of the Cambodians will be stationed. On the lake end of the raft a large running noose was attached, intended to catch the crocodile's tail; on the upper and a second noose was placed to seize the crocodile's head. The nooses are operated by long strings, which were so arranged as to be pulled at the proper moment by the man perched in the tree.

These arrangements being completed, preparations were made for the night. Fires were lighted behind each trap to keep the crocodiles in the water until dawn, when the hunt was to begin.

At four in the morning, Norodom, his ministers, courtiers, and the invited guests, are all awakened. From his elevated cabin the king can get a good view of the capture of the crocodiles. His guests, all armed with lances, take their way to the western bank of the lake.

All around the lake, the sais are posted in their respective trees; the rafts are baited; the fires are put out.

About six or seven paces from each raft, a little to one side, crouches a sais armed with a mallet, and great sharp nails from eight to ten inches long.

Absolute calm everywhere. The day breaks. The crocodiles, which have been imprisoned in their slime for twenty-four hours, must want to breathe.

We wait.

About 5 o'clock little eminences push themselves about the water. They remain awhile motionless, then they begin to move altogether. In the middle of the lake we behold a regular conciliabulum. Twenty, forty, a hundred crocodiles assemble, play about, dive and reappear alternately.

Suddenly they all remain still. Have they suspected something, or heard some noise? No; the breeze has wafted to them odors of flesh.

A long black mass detaches itself from the assembly of saurians, and makes for the great slope. Others betake themselves to their favorite morning landing-places.

Norodom has seized his telescope, and watches the progress of the drama with intense interest. All the rest of us look on breathlessly in silence.

The biggest crocodile has reached the edge of his pathway. There he stops. Perhaps he is wondering what that bait is. The snout of the alligator leaves the water and now his forelegs are on the raft.

Everybody holds his breath.

He keeps on climbing—slowly—very slowly. The bait is there, only twenty inches from his nose. He seizes it. At the very same instant the sais in the tree above him pulls the strings which operate the running nooses, and the reptile, caught at once by head and tail begins to struggle furiously. Immediately the other sais leaps forward, his hammer in one hand and a huge nail in the other; and while the monster stretches his legs in trying to reach the water, the sais nails the right fore-foot to the rail. The worst of the job is over. In the twinkling of an eye, the right hind-foot is also nailed down. The Then, boldly stepping over the alligator, the sais immediately nails the two left feet also to the raft.

Thus crucified, the saurian is well muzzled, and his tail is fastened firmly with bamboo ropes.

He was carried to Norodom and measured—seven and a half feet long.

We remained on the lake shore two weeks, and during that time caught sixteen more crocodiles, which were brought alive to Pnom Penh, and then skillfully butchered.

The Cambodians are very fond of crocodile flesh, and I must confess that I ate it myself without the least repugnance.

Ordinarily it sells at two cents a pound in Cambodia—except when the animals are caught during a royal hunt, and then the "king's crocodile meat" sells for four cents. Just on the same principle that, in France, President Grevy's rabbits sell at four francs a pair, while yours or mine are worth only forty sous.

It is nearly seven years since I enjoyed the hospitality of King Norodom, and I would not have thought of publishing this recital of my hunting adventures had not public attention been again called to the good king of Cambodia—who was so kind to me—by

the action of Proconsul Thompson in despoiling him of his estates.

Popular Science.

The highest point attained by fishes in Switzerland, according to M. V. Fatio, is that reached by the minnow, which ascends 7,900 feet above the sea level. With the exception of the perch, which reaches 6,500 feet, and one or two others, 2,000 feet is the limit of ascension.

Great as are the wonders the microscope reveals, it will not—as is sometimes supposed—show a fly magnified to the size of an elephant, nor a flea of horselike proportions, for the reason that under a high power only a very small part of either of these creatures can be seen at one time.

In the discussions in England as to overpressure in the public schools, the prevalence of headaches was stated to be a fair test of the amount of pressure exerted, and a child should be relieved from continuous attendance at school after a succession of headaches had given the warning.

Sir Richard Owen states that about five per cent. of children suffer from headache whether they go to school or not. According to Liveing, about fourteen per cent. of all school children may be expected to suffer from headache.

An interesting celestial visitor, Encke's comet, which travels around the sun in about three and a half years without going beyond the boundaries of the solar system, and which has the honor of being the first known comet of short period, is chiefly remarkable on account of the retardation of its motion. This has amounted to about four days since 1819, and is supposed by some astronomers to prove the existence of a resisting medium in space. The date of the comet's perihelion passage this year is March 7, and its return was first observed December 13. It is visible only with a telescope.

An oil inspector offers this explanation of why kerosene oil lamps do not give as good light in cold weather as at other times: Wisconsin test prime light oils will thicken with cold at temperatures varying from zero to twenty degrees above. Freezing separates the particles of paraffine from the remainder of the oil. They are attracted by the wick and fill the pores, destroying its capillary power and increasing its tendency to incrust and char in burning. The best kerosene oils for burning in cold weather are water white, colorless oils of light gravity. These cost from two to three cents per gallon more.

Almost every sort of plant furnishes a living to its own peculiar species of aphid, or plant-louse, by which great destruction is occasionally wrought. Dr. J. Sibley Hicks, an English entomologist, states that the hop aphid caused a loss in 1882 amounting to nearly \$9,000,000. This enormous damage is explained by the fabulous rate of increase of the aphid, it being possible for a single female to see in her lifetime a progeny of over 4,500,000 individuals. Another destructive species, known as American blight, occurs on apple trees, was first observed in 1875 in an orchard near London. The vine aphid (phylloxera) has done immense damage in the vineyards of France, where it was first found in 1865. Fortunately, the aphides have numerous enemies, especially active ones being the caterpillars of the lady-bird, the lacewing fly and its grub, and ichneumon fly.

A lady-bird caterpillar will devour forty or fifty daily.

Strange Monument to Washington.

Among the many monuments to Washington is one which every visitor to the Cape Verde isle will remember as one of the most colossal and marvelous freaks of natural sculpture in existence. Along the further side of San Vicente (the principal town) rises a bold ridge of dark gray volcanic rock, the crest of which forms an exact likeness of Washington lying face upward as if in sleep or death. The hero's large, bold features, the backward wave of his hair, the sweep of his massive shoulders, and the very frill of his shirt are all reproduced on a gigantic scale with a fidelity worthy of the stalaclite formation of the Adelsberg grotto for the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.—*Chicago Times.*

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THE WONDERS OF COAL TAR.

"Chemistry is capable of wonderful things," said an expert in chemical science to a New York Sun reporter, "but in nothing to which its principles were ever applied have such marvellous results followed as are witnessed in its manipulation of common gas or coal tar. Thirty years ago the problem of how they were to rid themselves of this foul and then utterly useless refuse of the retorts was puzzling manufacturers of gas, and the aid of chemistry was sought in working out the solution. They had no thought beyond the utter annihilation of the offensive tar. In their experiments with the refuse the chemists discovered the so-called burning naphtha, which, however, could be applied with safety to no practical purpose. After the naphtha was extracted the tar left was left in the form of a heavy oil, which was still more of a nuisance than the original compound, as it was more difficult to store and handle. The Bellie discovered a channel of utility for this oil in applying it as a pickle for the preservation of railroad ties, bridge timbers, and similarly exposed woods. This used up large quantities of the refuse, but only partially relieved the tar nuisance.

"The only hope that gas men now had was that some discovery might be made in chemical experimenting which would give a commercial value to the refuse. Faraday next awoke interest in coal tar by his discovery of benzene as a product of the tar oil. It was in experimenting with the volatile substances of these oils that the great chemist Mansfield lost his life by an explosion in his laboratory, and it was probably this casualty that directed greater attention to the possibilities of the despised gas tar.

"It was not until 1857, however, that the great value of coal tar as a raw material was demonstrated. In that year Perkins discovered its aniline properties, a discovery which has almost revolutionized the trade in dye-stuffs. Perkins took coal tar naphtha, and, boiling it in a retort, obtained a chemical action which resulted in benzole and nitro-benzole. Adding water to this, the nitro-benzole was deposited in the form of a thick oily mass. This he experimented with in various ways, and finally by the addition of acetic acid and iron filings, he produced a colorless fluid which is aniline. This liquid he treated with different chemical salts, and the result was green crystals of a metallic lusture. These he found were capable of producing, under different chemical reactions, the most brilliant and gorgeous dyes—the aniline hues of the paint and dye trades of to-day.

"This discovery made the long-detested coal tar a desirable product of the gas retorts, but it held still greater surprise. From the light oil of the tar a valuable naphtha solvent for India-rubber was obtained, and then the invaluable discovery of carbolic acid was made. How many people in ordinary life know that this great disinfectant is one of the products of common gas tar? After these properties were extracted from the tar there were left heavy oils and residuum, for which chemistry was puzzled to find a practical use. It was not until 1869 that any satisfactory result was obtained by experimenting with this refuse, and then the great discovery of alizarine was made. This product was first obtained by the German chemists Gräbe and Liebermann, but Perkins, who had developed the aniline colors from tar, was the first to give a practical application to the German work. The importance of this discovery may be understood when it is known that in the first ten years following the introduction of the artificial alizarine in the dye-stuff trade, it exceeded the total amount of natural alizarine, or madder root, that had been handled in the trade previous to its introduction. It was, if anything, superior to madder, and so much cheaper that the saving by its use up to 1880 had amounted to over \$20,000,000. The discovery of alizarine in coal tar converted 400,000 acres of land that had been used for growing madder root into fertile fields of corn and other cereals. With vegetable madder it required nine weeks to perfect the dyeing of a material Turkey red. The artificial madder accomplished the desired result in as many hours. Three years ago the chemist produced an artificial indigo from the residuum of gas tar, and, in connection with the aniline dyes and alizarine of the same base, it is rapidly

taking the place of vegetable indigo. Later, the naphthalene yellows and reds, with which entirely new effects in color were made possible, were derived from coal tar residuum. Chemists are still experimenting with tar products, and other important developments will no doubt be made."

A Famous and Unique Paper.

The paper used for printing the Bank of England notes has always been made by the Portal family whose ancestors came from Bordeaux, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing scarlet, was up to that time unknown in England. Except by burglary, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautiful watermarked paper produced at Laverstoke. Every piece of this paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for before being ground up again into pulp. Mr. Portal's paper has a potential value quite apart from its worth as merely a paper, for it has always been regarded as so essential to a passable forgery that the world at large felt perfectly easy regarding any attempts to impose on them through the medium of the Bank of England. This paper—it is, perhaps, needless to tell any one—is quite unique. Tested by touch, it emits a crisp, crackling, sharp sound, and in color it has been described as "neither blue-wave, nor yellow wave, nor cream-laid, but white, of a hue that can be compared no other white."

The three deckled edges show the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded. The fourth is left smooth by the knife which cuts the notes in twain. The paper is tough—so tough, indeed, that after the addition of one grain of size, it will hold a weight of sixty pounds without tearing. Yet the quantity of fibre in a five-pound note is not more than eighteen and a half grains, and the sheet is so thin that erasures are oftentimes found to be extremely difficult.

But what constitutes the main safeguard of the Bank is the "water," or more properly, the wire "mark," that transparent design which can be instantly detected when the paper is held up between the eyes and the light. This crevice is obtained, as all watermarks are, by twisting wires to the desired shape, and sticking them on the face of the mould, so that when the pulp settles down it must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on the other parts of the sheet. The water is then permitted to run through the sieve-like face of the mould, and the sheet of paper in embryo "couched" by the mould being gently but firmly pressed upon a blanket to which this spongy sheet clings. Sizing is a subsequent process, so that when dry the water-mark is plainly seen.—*Paper World.*

Buried Alive.

A word of caution against reckless haste in burial can hardly be uttered too often. It is not necessary to search the records of the past and bring forward many horrible stories of premature burial which can be found in them, for during the first month of the year 1885, the daily press reported two cases of this kind. One was that of a man, and the other a young woman. Both reports come from Southern cities. Both tell how the position of the body and other circumstances discovered on reopening the coffins, disclosed proofs that the unfortunate victims regained consciousness in the grave and found escape impossible. It is, perhaps, in Southern countries that such things are most likely to occur, owing to the custom of speedy burial; but in every country and in every case of supposed death some sufficient test should be applied before going on with the preparations for interment, and perhaps the safest way would be to wait for some small indication of dissolution. If, in Southern countries there is danger of burying a person alive through haste to get the body underground, there is in Northern countries a chance of subjecting living bodies to death in the ice-box. Any one expressing a preference in such matters would, of course, prefer to be frozen to death before being buried rather than buried alive. It seems horrible to contemplate the occurrence of either of these mistakes at this stage of science and civilization.—*Health Monthly.*

Making Their Own Dresses.

A curious feature of the home dress making furor that has seized upon so many ladies this spring is the introduction of what are termed figure forms. Ladies, who never thought of such a thing before are making a large part of their summer outfits themselves, and even young ladies in society, tho' they dare not trust themselves to get up their finest things, are trying their hands, with what assistance they can get, at making their own tennis suits and knock-about dresses for the mountains and seashore.

These figure forms are made of papiermache, and can easily be adjusted to any height. They also come in so many varieties and sizes that with very little change and alteration they can be made complete fac similes of the figures of the ladies who use them, with every proportion of bust, arm, neck and waist exact. With one of these a lady has comparatively little difficulty in fitting herself. With completed parts of a costume draped on a lay figure she contracts and studies the effect, as well as examines the fit, and is thus enabled to tell satisfactorily in advance how everything will look. Going a step further, some ladies have heads on their figure forms, on which they place and fit hats and bonnets, and are in this way enabled to study one and anticipate every detail of their appearance.

This plan of having models has been found so convenient that a number of fashionable and wealthy ladies, who have a great many dresses made, and who are anxious to avoid the fatigue and annoyance of so many fittings, have themselves carefully produced in papier-mache, so that when they come to see about a suit they stretch themselves back at ease in a cushioned chair, and wait while the dress-maker tells her assistant to "bring down Miss Smith," or "get Mrs. Brown out of the closet," as the case may be. The dresses are then fitted on the lay figure.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Words of Wisdom.

Give to a gracious message a host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell themselves when they are left.

The pathway of progress will still, as of old, bear the traces of martyrdom, but the advance is inevitable.

Great designs are not accomplished without enthusiasm of some sort. It is the inspiration of everything great.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with the little ones accustom them to defeat.

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope.

A man's fortune is frequently decided by his first address; if pleasing, others at once conclude that he has merit; but if ungraceful, they decide against him.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be power of self-denial, strength of will, persevering effort.

The rose has its thorns; and beauty is never found without one or more. They can be blunted at the points, but can not be extirpated without killing the tree.

In the Russian Province of Courland etiquette is excessively rigorous. Stiff bows form the nearest approach to cordiality here permitted between young unmarried people of the opposite sex. Very few opportunities are afforded them of being better acquainted. Even at dancing parties the gentleman is supposed to quit his partner immediately on the conclusion of a polka or waltz. Girls are kept under constant supervision from the moment of birth to that of betrothal. Unmarried ladies are not supposed to occupy the seat of honor on the sofa. Betrothal entirely changes all this formality into a really objectionable exhibition of sentiment. Billing and cooing, caresses and endearments are indulged in in public without the least regard to delicacy or good taste.

Bill Nye says: "Some of the things that we know should be saved for our own use. The man who sheds all his knowledge and don't leave enough to keep house with fools himself."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE season of Commencements in our institutions of learning has again come round, and the annual deluge of eloquence is in progress throughout the land. In the deaf-mute schools the graceful arms of silent maidens make poetry in the air; the valedictorian discourses with manly vehemence upon his carefully chosen and greatly pondered theme; while the graduates of days gone by gaze silently and sadly on the scene, musing within themselves upon the lamentable difference between the stripplings who stand on the platform now and the boys who stood with them in the long ago. It is difficult to find a graduate who will admit the superiority of the school system and the scholars of to-day. The average graduate takes a pessimistic view of everything, and fondly imagines that the intellectual zenith was reached in that certain year when he bade farewell to school. The young man revisiting the scenes of his school-boy days misses many a familiar object, and notes with regret the numerous changes which time and continued progress have suggested and wrought out. But that which he fails to find, and invariably deplores,—

"Is lost the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Is living still."

In no other department of our educational system has the progress been more marked than in the education of the deaf and dumb. There are fewer bearded pupils than formerly, in attendance at our deaf-mute schools. The sullen look which a darkened mind stamps upon the human countenance, is no longer to be seen, but, instead, we find bright and youthful faces that beam with intelligence and rational understanding. It is not so very many years since the salutatory address, in most deaf-mute schools, was delivered by young men who came to the platform with their chins new-reaped, and "oft did the stubble to the razor yield" ere they were prepared for the duties of active life. But the valedictorian of to-day is altogether a different personage. He is quite as intelligent as any of his predecessors, but his unresponsive ears have not yet had an opportunity to perplex and aggravate the barber, by defeating that garrulous individual's efforts to make himself agreeable and entertaining. As time goes on, the methods of teaching deaf-mutes are better understood and more readily adapted. Experience and study are doing a great work in simplifying and improving all the known means of imparting instruction. No new theory is adopted or discarded until it has been thoroughly tried. As a result, most of those who graduate this year are more youthful in appearance, more cultivated in intellect, and better prepared to earn an independent livelihood than ever before. And thus will the education of the deaf and dumb continue—always advancing, never receding, until the barrier of deafness is considered so slight a hindrance to intellectual culture as to be almost imperceptible.

"For life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal path of Progress leads
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

THE July number of the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb" contains several excellent articles on the education of the deaf, and two biographical sketches—one of Barnabas Maynard Fay, and the other of Hannah Louisa Melville. A very ingenious method of teaching language, by the aid of grammatical symbols, is demonstrated by Mr. George Wing, of the Minnesota Institution. Edmund Booth, M.A., discourses upon punctuation of sentences, and shows the big value of those much abused and sadly neglected little marks for interpreting

written or printed language. Writing Wilkinson, M.A., Principal of the California Institution, puts forth a strong plea for "Mechanic Art in Schools." Weston Jenkins, M.A., Principal of the New Jersey State School for Deaf-Mutes, has a very clever and scholarly disquisition on the question "Why Not 'Deaf and Dumb'?" A brief article on "Preliminary Home Training," by A. L. E. Crouter, M.A., Principal of the Philadelphia Institution; Notices of Publications; School, and Miscellaneous Items; complete the book.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Williams have resided steadily in San Francisco for the past 16 years.

Mr. Mollie S. Groesbeck is visiting in Charlottesville, Va.

There were, at one time, about thirteen deaf-mutes in Grant County, Ind.

Mrs. Andrew Weinberger, of New York City, died on the evening of Monday last.

George W. Holland, formerly of Jonsville, Mich., is now working at St. Ignace, and doing well.

Several mutes of New York recently went up the Sound to Bridgeport, and report an immense time.

Mr. John Wilkinson, of Brooklyn, is a member of the Commercial Union Insurance Co. Base Ball Club.

Geo. W. Davis' brother-in-law, named Mr. F. B. White, died on the 11th of June, at the Davis Home, in Milton, Mass.

Mr. Geo. W. Hagy, a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, has secured a situation in Cleveland, Ohio.

John R. Street and family, of Sweetest, Ind., will probably go to Kansas next fall for the benefit of their health.

Edward Duran, of Boston, was made happy last Friday, by a visit from the Misses Annie and Emma Flynn.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union are to be congratulated upon selecting Hon. John Francis O'Brien, as President.

William W. Street is a deaf orphan boy of Sweetest, Ind. He helps his uncle on the farm, takes the JOURNAL and is happy.

The pretty and charming M. McGahan, of Philadelphia has been very ill for several weeks, but is now on the road to recovery.

Mr. W. A. Bond wishes it to be understood that his paper was discontinued solely on account of ill-health. His office is not in the hands of the sheriff.

About forty deaf-mutes attended the Sunday School last Sunday in St. Charles R. C. Church, in Brooklyn. Several New Yorkers were among them.

While at Richmond, Ind., Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann called on Mrs. J. S. Brown, whose husband built the Indiana and Louisiana Institutions.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sands, of Philadelphia, was baptized on June 7th, by Rev. H. W. Slye, at the Church of the Covenant. It was named Eliza Chambers.

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Miss Mary Fullam, of Rome, N. Y., will soon make Mr. and Mrs. James E. Doran, of Syracuse, a visit. During her summer vacation she is going to rusticate on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bristol, of North Argyle, N. Y.

Mrs. Paulin, of Philadelphia, seventy-four years of age. She is well known in Philadelphia as a maker of salve. She has retired and the business is conducted by her speaking daughter Mrs. Hawkins. The secret has descended from Mrs. Paulin's grand mother.

The Brooklyn S. S. Association of Deaf-Mutes afternoon and evening picnic will, with no doubt, be the best that the mutes hereabouts ever had. Nothing will be left undone for the enjoyment and comfort of all who may attend.

William B. Street, a deaf-mute working in the tile mill at South Sweetest, Ind., intended to go to the deaf-mute reunion in New Castle, Ind., but was too busy. He has a daughter by the name of Cora, who expects to enter the Indiana Institution as a pupil in the fall.

After all the slander and abuse heaped upon him by the "bean eaters," that intellectual young giant, Harry White, persists in rising higher and higher in the estimation of his friends. Not satisfied with founding a school for mutes, which is destined to be a large institution of the kind, the professor now takes unto himself a wife. We extend to him and his charming bride our hearty congratulations, with the hope that their path through life, may ever be strewn with flowers.

Married.

WHITE—MANN—At St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, June 10th, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, assisted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Henry Cheney White, of Salt Lake City, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Mann, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

WRIGHTS—COPPOCK—At New Castle, Indiana, June 7th, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Amos Wright, of Bunker Hill, and Miss Emma Jane Coppock.

Mr. Thomas P. Conroy, of Philadelphia, was confirmed and took his first communion last Thursday in the Cathedral with twelve deaf-mutes under the performance by Bishop Ryan. They were addressed by the archbishop, Prof. Crouter interpreting it to them in the sign language.

Saturday, May 23d, Mrs. A. L. Williams, accompanied by Mrs. Cotter, paid a flying visit to Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal., leaving San Francisco, Cal., at 4 p.m. and arriving at their destination at 8½ p.m. They stayed till Monday afternoon. Mrs. Williams was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harlan, the only mutes in Woodland, and they made it very enjoyable for her, taking her to walk, and showing her over the court house where Mr. Harlan is employed as a clerk. Mrs. Harlan is declared to be a perfectly splendid housekeeper and cook.

Messrs. Roop, Houston, Lipsett and Wilson are all ex-Presidents of the late Chirological Lyceum. Messrs. Roop and Lipsett are ex-Presidents of Clero Literary Association. Messrs. Houston and Wilson are ex-Presidents of Clero Literary Association. Mr. Sharrar, formerly of Chirological Lyceum, is ex-Treasurer of that organization and is now president of Clero Literary Association. The above facts show that the Lyceum had some able members. Our correspondent says he is glad that Mr. Sharrar is President of Clero Literary Association. He says Mr. Sharrar is a clever man, and congratulates him upon the honor to which he has been elevated.

The first exhibition by the pupils of the Northern New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes was given at Howard Opera House on Tuesday afternoon. Hon. J. L. Gilbert made a few introductory remarks, and then read an address written by Mr. Rider, superintendent of the institution, outlining the work of the year and explaining the methods of instruction. The exercises by the pupils were very interesting, and revealed a wonderful progress for a course of instruction extending through only nine months. Their penmanship, spelling and construction of sentences, as shown by blackboard exercises, were excellent. All present were astonished that so much knowledge could have been acquired by the children in so short a time.—*Baltimore Palladium*.

Prof. Boyesen Sued.

At Westhampton, L. I., in August, 1883, Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, of Columbia College, struck the seven-year-old son of A. E. J. Tovey, Editor of the *Bremer's Journal*, a blow on the head for the alleged reason that the boy had beaten Boyesen's son and other smaller boys. As the result of the blow, it is claimed, Tovey's son has become deaf, and a suit is now in progress in New York in which Tovey claims \$5,000 damages.—*Ex*.

Mr. Sellman's Big Contest at Chess.

Mr. Alexander G. Sellman, a semi-mute, the well-known chess player, of this city, played thirteen simultaneous games of chess with the Richmond Chess Club, at Richmond, Va., last Friday night. The games began at seven o'clock and lasted nearly seven hours. Of the thirteen Mr. Sellman won seven, lost five, and one was declared a drawn game after six hours' struggle.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Sunday-School Anniversaries.

The Sunday-school of Emmanuel M. E. Church, South corner of McCulloh and Prossman streets, celebrated its anniversary yesterday afternoon. The programme included singing by the school; prayer by the pastor, Rev. D. M. James; distribution of premiums and addresses by Rev. W. J. Young and Rev. B. F. Ball. The school numbers 290, and has contributed \$336 15 during the past year. The superintendent is Mr. L. B. Browne. The thirty-eighth anniversary of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Sunday school was very largely attended. Singing was one of the features. The Missions Chapters, G. E. Stevenson, president, reported collections for the year to amount to \$700. The mission work is in China, Mexico, Greece, Brazil and at home. L. Charles Inglis, superintendent, made his report. The school has 450 scholars and 50 teachers, and is in a flourishing condition.

There is a class of deaf-mute boys and another of girls. The other officers of the school are as follows: Assistant Superintendent, E. S. Allant, Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. L. Levin; assistant, S. S. Pendleton; Librarian, G. E. Stevenson; assistants, Thos. P. Von Sprecklen, B. H. Gibbs, A. H. Gibbs, Albert Hughes. The pastor, Rev. W. W. Murkland, made an address. A number of premiums were given.—*Baltimore Sun*.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. Peter S. Housell and her daughter have been spending the past week visiting their relatives at Northfield. Mrs. Housell returned to Newark on Saturday. Her daughter is now boarding at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peterson, at Livingston, N. J.

Miss Lizzie L. Hewlings did not take the situation as housekeeper in Newark. She went to a delightful place on a farm at Hanover, N. J., where she expects to remain during the summer. Hanover is only three miles from Whippany, N. J., near the home of Miss Sarah Daven. Miss H. expects to see her soon. Two weeks ago Mrs. P. S. Housell surprised her friends on the Orange mountains with a visit.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Literary Society of Newark will hold their second annual picnic at Northfield on the 4th of July.

1st Vice-President A. H. Bonsfield, and Ex-President Thomas R. Stewart took a ramble over the Orange mountains last Sunday. They called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett.

On the 3d of July, Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett will be married 30 years. The common council of Newark expects to appropriate five hundred dollars next week Friday, to maintain a day school for deaf-mutes.

Messrs. Bonsfield and Stewart met Miss Sadie Howard at St. Cloud, N. J., last Sunday.

Two classmates of Mr. Frank Lenox have been boarding a few days at the Central Hotel.

Messrs. W. G. Bennett and James M. Nash, expect to return to Riegelsville, Pa., in July.

Ex-supervisor C. R. Bennett, has planted several acres of potatoes and corn this year, and he expects to set out several thousand cabbage plants soon.

PANSY.

June 15, 1885.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

PERSONALS.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

Yesterday, the last Sunday of the college year, was marked by President Gallaudet's Baccalaureate Sermon, which had, as usual, been looked forward to with much pleasure. It would be superfluous to say that the discourse was interesting; for all ought to know by this time that the Doctor's sermons are always so. The style was unusually light and airy, from which it may be inferred that it was composed at the *Hermilage*, and while under the influence of the breezes and music of Kendall's woods. The text was from the 6th verse of the 8th chapter of Romans. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Three results, he said, here command our consideration—*death, life and peace*. After dwelling for a few minutes on what these mean to man, and showing to what a multitude of human interests, the great issue of "life or death?" attaches itself, he said that men had never seriously claimed immortality for anything save the human soul, and quoted the following stanzas from Horace Smith's address to the mummies:—

"Statue of flesh; immortal of the dead!
Impenetrable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quill't that narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning.
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

"Why should this worthless fragment endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue,—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!"

The hatred of death, he said, is a natural, inborn principle of humanity, and that it is only the lack of *peace* that drives men to voluntarily seek it. After explaining the terms *death* and *carnal mindedness* as used in the text, he said that one of the great tendencies of the age is to that carnal mindedness which seeks to make life ornamental, but that in order to avoid the death to which this leads, it is not necessary to forego all enjoyment, eschew all ornament, ignore the beautiful, dwell in huts, dress in rags, deny ourselves all pleasures, live on parched corn, and in a house of one apartment, as Thoreau did, and as some of the wisest men in ages gone by have urged. What is necessary is that state of spiritual mindedness which leads a man to care much more for virtue, purity, charity, honesty, an unselfish spirit, and for everything that tends to develop such elements in one, than for pleasures that gratify the senses, and that these latter should only be indulged in when they are in no danger of becoming magnified into ends. In order to make ourselves spiritually minded it is necessary to resist the tendency of looking upon the present life as *all*. This, the Doctor said, should be easier to young men about to leave college, who, having spent years in preparing for "life," should not find it difficult to carry forward with them the idea and purpose of preparation for the life beyond. Other helps to spiritual mindedness are, steady and daily efforts to make our lives helpful to others, which develops unselfishness, the study of nature, and familiarity with it, which brings us nearer to its author; and, best of all, to take some eminently spiritual minded person as our example and teacher,—such a person we have in Christ.

In conclusion, the Doctor quoted those beautiful anonymous "Lines on a Skeleton."

"Behold this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirits full!
This narrow coil was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beautiful pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

"Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If sad love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it glared,
If through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

"Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To heave the rock or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them?
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer need shall claim,
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

"Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed—
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtue's lap returned,
These wings with angels' feet shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky."

PERSONALS.

Ere this letter reaches the JOURNAL readers, the college year will be over, and the professors and students scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Professor Hotchkiss and John Chickering will leave New York, on one of the Red Star Line of steamers, at noon, Saturday, for Germany, and accompany him on a bicycle tour through France.

Prof. Draper and Morrow, of '85, are also having their wheels overhauled preparatory to a three weeks' run through the Eastern States.

President Gallaudet and family will spend the summer at their residence in Connecticut.

June 15, 1885.

Prof. Fay and children will be found sporting among the breakers on Nantucket Beach.

Prof. Chickering goes to Massachusetts, thence to the White Mountains, and finally to some sea side resort.

Hanson, of '86, goes to Minnesota to study architecture during the summer.

McCarthy, of '87, will revel among the flora of North Carolina.

Petit Washburn will make the tour of Europe with his parents.

About twenty of the students expect to stop at Chicago, while en route for their homes in the west.

The eastern students expect to do Philadelphia and New York in a body. Three newly dubbed B. A.'s will be in the party.

White, of '80, was married on the 10th inst., and Saxton, of '82, will go the same road on the 20th inst. Success to both.

GASTON.

SCRANTON.

There has been no local news from Scranton, Pa., in the columns of the JOURNAL for the past two months, so I thought I would try once in a while to give whatever information I could.

In April there was not much news of interest, except that Mrs. Evans, of New York City, was in town visiting her relatives and friends and that she seemed to enjoy her visit very much. Then came in May gloriously, with more or less news for me, and it was the month Barnum had appointed to come.

It was the 3d of the month when the announcement of the arrival of his show with his living gigantic "Jumbo" became known to the public far and near. Among those of the deaf-mutes who attended the performances were Misses Decker, Eisele, Garbel, of Olympia, and Misses Clancy. On inquiry, I found that they enjoyed the performances, and that Jumbo, the wonder of all living creatures, was half as tall as our jolly friend John, the police giant. Then came in Decoration Day, and the sky was overcast with clouds in the morning, and Old Probabilities was showing indications of rain and that it would interfere with the memorial exercises. Nevertheless the fallen heroes were remembered, and there was a big parade. All business was suspended and the buildings decorated. After the parade was over, I hastened to the Northern Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Association's headquarters in the Young Men's Christian Association building, where a meeting of the Board of Managers was in progress. The purpose of this meeting was to make arrangements to hold a picnic on the 8th of August next, at the same place as heretofore. I hope that it will be a success, despite the present depression of trade.

DESERVES THE GRAND BOUNCE.

There is a deaf-mute going about town appealing for work and alms. He first asks for work, evidently not expecting to get it, and then he asks for money, and generally gets it. Few deny such afflicted people. But yesterday he revealed himself in a new light and forfeited all sympathy and charity. Going into one of our business houses he appealed for help, and the clerk politely intimated that he could do nothing for him, whereupon the mute wrote this insulting and vulgar reply: "too damn stingy to help a mute," and then went off, slamming the door. This same fellow has now received quite a sum of money from various parties on Thursday, with a part of which he went to the circus, and went to begging again. There is a suspicion that he is not only a deaf-mute, but a swindler, but a fraud, and neither deaf nor dumb. It might be well for the first of our readers that runs across him to-day to test his ability to hear. This same fellow is now in the least to discover that he is playing the "dummy racket" as an easy method of making a living, and if so, we can't "tumble to that racket" any too quick. If he is a real mute, he is the first vulgar and profane and insulting one we have ever come in contact with. At all events, dummy or no dummy, he deserves the "grand bounce."

The above statements concerning the mean and dastardly acts of a deaf-mute, appeared in the *Scranton Republican* of a few weeks ago, whom, I think, I used to know, and suspect to be a Mr. Park, of Towanda, Pa., and who has been around here doing shamefully and cheating some of the prominent business men. He owes the proprietor of the Valley House money for his board, and what the *Republican* said is more than the "grand bounce" he deserves.

Mr. Jesse O. Dolph is in town visiting her sister, who has been very sick for two months.

Messrs. Early, Judge and McDonough each got a job after being out of employment for a considerable length of time.

Mr. Morris was in Elmira, N. Y., a few days ago, where he made Mr. Christ, a former resident of this place, a visit.

Mr. Kresge, of Baldmount, Pa., was in town last Decoration Day, to see the parade.

A bill appropriating \$46,800 for the erection of an oral school for the deaf and dumb in this city, was passed in the House of Representatives about two weeks ago.

WM. BURGE.

Lynn Notes.

Charles Letts intends to visit the New York school to witness the closing exercises next week.

John E. Mack, of this city, has been working in Ipswich, Mass., till recently with Sylvan Wentworth, a mute of that town, but has returned and secured an employment, and expects to remain here.

Charles Farham, who is married to a speaking lady, was presented with a little girl baby (10½ pounds) last week.

Ansel Jackson has purchased an elegant cottage valued at \$1,000. But he has paid only a portion of it, \$1,000 and 600 remains on mortgage. He looks content with his wife, whom he married two years ago.

John Butler, of Salem, Mass., has

moved here, to reside for the future, as he has obtained a constant job. He has three children, two of whom are twins. He is a very industrious man. Manfred Willis has a motion of going to Dover, New Hampshire, to work. We all hope he will do better than he has for the past, and all join in wishing him prosperity.

Mrs. J. M. T. Davis has been here lately selling alphabet cards in the shoe factories and elsewhere. She is never welcomed by the mutes, as she is an impostor, and pretends to be a deaf-mute when she is not.

Joe Nichols, the semi-mute dude, who is employed by his brother in a laundry, brags that he can make from \$5 to 6 a day; but we do not believe such stories.

ALEXANDER BEAT CAGE.

RELIGION.

Letters on religious matters, and religious intelligence of all kinds, will be printed in this column free of charge.

The Indiana Reunion not a Swindle.

DEAR EDITOR:—Mr. Townsends communication in relation to the New Castle Re-union of Deaf-Mutes and the Sunday Services was entirely uncalled for. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Mann, would have nothing to do with a swindle. By his whole course he has won a position which entitles him to the confidence of the entire deaf community. I hope that in the future, should you receive any communications reflecting upon him, you will give him a chance to be heard before you publish them.

I have been with him for ten days. We have had services in nine places in Ohio and Indiana, and I trust have accomplished much good for our deaf-mute friends. We have improved our opportunities to disseminate information among the people generally in relation to the sign-language, the education of deaf-mutes and the progress of church work among them.

The Re-union of Deaf-Mutes, and the Sunday services on June 6th and 7th, in New Castle, Indiana, proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned. Mr. Skinner labored patiently in his preparations. And succeeded as he deserved to do. Rev. Mr. Mann and I had two impressive combined services in the beautiful fairgrounds, and in the evening, we had the use of the Christian Church for a third service. Rev. Mr. Mann married and baptised a couple of deaf-mutes, Mr. Wright, of Bunker Hill and Miss Coppock, of Marion. Upwards of forty deaf-mutes attended the Re-union.

Wishing you could have been with us, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Mann spent a while in the Diocesan Convention held at Cleveland, June 11th. Next morning, the Dr. left for the east.

Deaf-mutes are invited to a "combined service" in the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, Rev. Mr. Reed, Rector, on Sunday June 21st, at 7:45 p.m. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret.

Sign services will be held, God willing, on Sunday, July 21st, as follows: At 11 a.m., in Grace Chapel, Erie Street between Second and Third Jersey City, N. J. At 3 p.m., in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

ACCOMPANIED BY REV. MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

June 19th, Chicago, 8:00 p.m.
" 21st, Delavan, 10:30 a.m.
" " Delavan, 3:00 p.m.
" " Delavan, 7:30 p.m.
" 22d, Delavan, 7:30 p.m.

REV. MR. MANN.
June 24th, Fairbault.
" 25th, Fairbault.
" 26th, Fairbault.

" 28th, Minneapolis, 10:30 a.m.
" " Minneapolis, 3:00 p.m.
" " Minneapolis, 7:30 p.m.
" 29th, Minneapolis, 7:30 p.m.
" 30th, Hastings, 7:30 p.m.

July 1st, Watertown, 7:30 p.m.
" 2d, Grand Haven, Mich., 7:30 p.m.

MESSERS. CHAMBERLAIN AND MANN.

July 3d, Grand Rapids, Mich., 7:30 p.m.

" 4th, Detroit, Mich., Re-union.
" 5th, Detroit, 10:30 a.m.
"

FANWOOD.

Closing Exercises of the Fanwood Literary Association.

HEART BEATS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On Saturday evening, June 13th, took place the closing exercises of the Fanwood Literary Association. The first thing on the programme was a lecture by Wm. F. Durian. He took for his subject, his "visit to the Eden Musee," and gave in detail the principal objects of interest. A dialogue between Messrs. Rose, Lloyd and Dunn, next held the attention of the pupils, surprising them in a humorous manner. Dunn and Rose were two bunco men on the lookout for country "greeneys." "Clodhopper" Lloyd was met by these city sharks, while on a visit to the city, fell into their confidence, was induced to try his luck at cards and finally lost his all. This illustration of occurrences, which are often met with in New York City, served as a warning to those pupils who might be taken for country greenhorns. After a short interval, Messrs. Dunn and Rose again entered in female attire and pretended to be two Fanwood girls. They imitated their talk and manners so correctly, that it put many of the girls to blush to see themselves thus portrayed, for

"O, would some power the gift give us
To see ourselves as others see us
It would from many a folly free us
And foolish notion."

Messrs. William G. Shanks and John C. Miller both gave touching farewell addresses to the society, saying in substance that their time to sever their connection with the society and as pupils of the Institution had come so suddenly that it was beyond their realization, but hoped for its future success. The Jam Club, getting hold of the plans for the dialogue, determined to give the boys a satisfactory surprise also, and the fourth item on the programme which read "Nicht Komen Heransen," disclosed to light the hidden meaning of these terrible jaw-breakers when they made their appearance. Miss Ray was the matron of the Institution, Miss Croak, a servant in a regular outfit, and Misses Decker, Hawkins, Wells, Martin, Weyant and Austin, were old graduates on a visit to their *Alma Mater*. Their actions and talk were in most part a correct *fac simile* of old graduates when they are on a visit and criticise things. They tried to sign "their old-time favorite song," "Yankee Doodle," but it was so long since they graduated that they forgot their club salute and got all mixed up. Saying they had to catch the train, they turned up their pretty noses at everybody, held their heads high, and strutted out at a very rapid pace. The President of the Association, Prof. T. F. Fox, then made a few closing remarks, after which the meeting adjourned till fall.

Among the people who attended Mrs. Jarley's Celebrated Wax Works at the Washington Heights Library, for the benefit of the Manhattan Hospital, last Thursday evening, where Dr. Peet and his daughter, Bessie, Mrs. Henry, Miss Meigs, Madame Le Prince, Miss Rice, Miss Mitchell, Miss Barringer, Miss Rintoul and her mother, Miss Ryer, Mr. Joseph H. Banks and your reporter. The dignity of Washington Heights had been to the Eden Musee, but could not find anything to equal the "wax figures" of Mrs. Jarley, who were in reality living ladies and gentlemen of the Heights, who gratuitously lent their aid towards its success. Prof. E. H. Currier took a prominent part in the entertainment, and passed off as a villain who was disarmed by a beautiful female's smiles. The whole thing was very amusing, and if

"I knowed a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. Jarley's wax work show,
I'd put a head on him—Bergth or no."

Professor Currier and Assistant Steward Crittenden attended the closing exercises at Vassar College, in Poughkeepsie, on the afternoon of Tuesday before last.

John H. Dobbs, of Catskill, and Mary Meade, of Albany, both graduates of Fanwood, were married in Albany on Wednesday, June 10th. On their wedding trip, they called on their *Alma Mater*, where their old friends were happy to see them.

Mrs. Ella Johnson, once connected with the sewing department of the Institution, died during the last week of May. Her remains were interred in Catskill, N. Y., Cemetery.

Miss Audubon, who teaches a private school of young girls near the Institution, took her pupils through the educational and administrative departments, Friday morning last. Accompanied by Miss Josephine Rintoul, they entered the printing office and crowded around the types who were deftly lifting the types into their stocks. They greatly admired the way in which the JOURNAL was printed and each of them received a specimen copy, and manual alphabet cards from the Editor, that they might talk together by the hand, (perhaps a new way for them to whisper in school, as by its use they are able to talk to each other at a good distance without being heard by their teacher.)

Mrs. Jennie Fischer and Miss Emma Vandenberg, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Vandenberg, of Watervliet, Albany County, enjoyed a very pleasant visit at the Institution on Sunday afternoon, in company with Mr. Moses Smith, of Brooklyn.

The New York Sun says the Vassar College girls ate forty bushels of onions and twelve gallons of horse-radish last year.

Query—how many bushels of onions and how much horse radish did the Fanwood girls eat in the same time?

About three or four graduates responded to the notice for them to appear on the Institution grounds to play the Fanwoods for another ball offered by Stephen Sinclair. The pupils waited in vain all the afternoon, and the captain pocketed the ball.

The New York Sun, of June 15th, says:—The waterworks of Tarrytown were built for fire purposes only. Private houses were supplied until Saturday from an artesian well 604 feet deep. On that day, the well, for some unexplained reason, ceased to flow. The water Commissioners hastened to connect the supply pipes with the Irvington water works. This was done at 4 1/2 o'clock yesterday. Irvington water will be used for a week only, while connection is being made with an artesian well at the deaf and dumb asylum, Tarrytown. This asylum sunk a well five years ago; but two years ago it ceased to use its property.

James W. Parker, of Brooklyn, who graduated about twenty-five years ago, visited us Friday last. On the evening of Friday last, the jolly tars of "Evangeline," consisting of Durian, Rose, Miller, Dunn, Fossaire and Berry, took Miss Josephine Rintoul, Myra L. Barragher, Thomas F. Fox and the writer, a sailing to Fort Lee, where they scaled the palisades with the agility of Rocky Mountain goats.

The "tars" were in an unusually happy mood, and pitched all the stones they could find into the river.

Though the new boat was not yet put in an appearance and is not likely to before next term, the High Class boys take plenty of exercise on the water in the "Evangeline." On Tuesday a crew, consisting of W. H. Rose, Stroke; J. H. Geary, 3; J. C. Miller, 2; and S. A. Berry, bow, crossed from the West End Hotel pier to the powder-house dock in seven and one half minutes. W. F. Durian was Boat-swain and W. H. Fossaire time-keeper, while Frank Houch flew along at the head of the procession on the bow.

Mrs. Carter, a lady teacher of the California Institution, was among us on a pleasant visit last week.

AQUILA.

BALTIMORE.

On June 4th, at 7:30 p.m., the Peabody Literary Club lost a valuable and steadfast member, Mr. Thomas T. Sprague. We were greatly surprised and grieved to hear of his death, as he was a very pleasant and gentlemanly fellow. To gain full information of his death, "Anti-Rep." called at the house of the bereaved family, where he learned that his death was caused from blood poison, pneumonia and hemorrhage. The club, on being informed of this, called a special meeting, and drew up a series of resolutions of respect and sympathy at his death.

At a special meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Peabody Literary Club of Baltimore City, the following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That the Peabody Literary Club has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Mr. Thomas T. Sprague, late member of the Club. Resolved, That the members attend the funeral in a body. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family as a condolence. Resolved, That, as there are no deaf-mute papers published in Baltimore City, a copy be sent to the Baltimore Sun, the majority being constant readers of said paper. Resolved, That a copy also be sent to the Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL, in New York City. New York. AARON FRIEDENREICH, President.

H. J. GILL, Sec'y.

The club presented the deceased with "Gates of Ajar," (wax) and there were also many other natural flowers from his friends and relatives. He leaves three brothers, one being a pilot, and the two engineers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Steam Tag Transfer, and two sisters, Helen M. Wherrett and Margaret R. Morris.

The funeral took place on Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, the interment being made in London Park Cemetery, and was well attended, the majority being his silent friends. For two nights, Mr. Knoechel, member of the club, watched over the remains, and for this he was highly praised. The club-bearers were all members of the club, whose names are: Messrs. Wm. McElroy, Jas. O. Amoss, Jas. H. Mooney, H. J. Gill, Edward Ramsay, and A. T. Knoechel.

Rev. Dr. G. G. Baker, of the Eastern Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, preached the last sermon at the house, and at the grave, Mr. Wells officiated.

As "Anti-Rep." will leave Baltimore for Atlantic City for his summer vacation in about two weeks, he would be much pleased to see Mr. Edward Wilson, of Philadelphia, for a short business conversation, and Mr. "J. C. B." if he desires. In the bottom of the Itemizer, he noticed the Western Pennsylvania Picnic Association for Deaf-Mutes will hold its annual picnic near Wilkinsburg Station, on the 4th of July. "Anti-Rep." has a desire to attend it. Shall they appoint a committee to call an "Old Probs" and ask him to give them a most beautiful day. In his next letter to the JOURNAL, he will let Eddie know when he leaves.

The Committee appointed for our Reunion Picnic, which is to take place in Druid Hill Park, is composed of the following individuals: Mr. Geo. W. Veditz, chairman, Miss Annie Barry, and Messrs. Wells, McElroy, Kampe and Mooney. They seem to have selected August 13th for the day. The chairman, when he arrives here from Frederick, will enlighten the

JOURNAL readers to better advantage.

Well, all right, Mr. "J. C. B." Mr. Sec. and myself will reciprocate, but we are not to blame for asking if you had courage to give us your full name, the majority begged "Anti-Rep." hard, so he penned it out. We did not misunderstand you in your reply about clubs, etc., but only wrote it to indicate that was not the quality that existed in this silent community. According your very hospitable statement, let this be reciprocated. Some think you are the brother of "Mr. Spy." We never knew you had been in this city attending one of our Reunion picnics or other entertainment, but if you say it was the Picnic, we could easily identify you. Your talk about that attempted suicidal affair is very fine.

The Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Schutzen Park, has proved a brilliant success. On Thursday Mr. Underwood, Mr. Knoechel and "Anti-Rep." were on the grounds to witness the fireworks, which lasted for an hour. At this time they were standing near the speaker's stand. It was packed up with a solid mass of humanity and soon gave way, which resulted in a panic, but no one was hurt.

Mr. McElroy was down on Wednesday all day, and returned to the club somewhat worn on the following night.

The club will be closed after June 24th, for two months' vacation, and will re-open September.

What has kept "Jumbo," Elмира's correspondent, silent? We hope your club, Jumbo, is the most powerful club in America, and is never likely to disband, as it may have a "Jumbo" treasure.

The Belgian blocks which are rapidly progressing throughout the city, changes its appearance to a better style.

ANTI-REP.

From Minnesota.

At present writing, our pupils are scattered all over our broad State. The closing exercises Tuesday, June 10th, passed off very pleasantly, and without a hitch. The Faribault Republican says the following of it: "The compositions and essays were for the most part rendered in the sign language, and interpreted by the teachers. Some of the deaf pupils, however, who have been taught to articulate, gave exhibitions of their proficiency, which showed a marked improvement over former years in this department. The essays of the graduating class were excellent, and furnished conclusive evidence that the pupils will go forth to the world well equipped intellectually for the battle of life. The exercises were in all respect thoroughly creditable to the institution and its methods of training, and were especially gratifying to those who have been able from year to year in these closing proceedings to note the comparative progress that has been made. No better exhibition has been given in the history of the school."

Gov. Hubbard was present, and handed the diplomas to the graduates, prefacing the ceremony by a few appropriate remarks. He complimented the officers upon the success which had attended their efforts, and also praised the pupils for showing such good results of their application. At the close of the Governor's remarks, Rev. Dr. E. S. Thomas, of St. Paul, who was for some time associated with Prof. Noyes in teaching deaf-mutes in the South, in 1859, addressed the graduates. The Doctor seemed to understand quite clearly the chief difficulties the teacher of deaf-mutes has to encounter, for he described in a very interesting manner, the drawbacks encountered in the first educational step of awakening in the mind of a mute the idea of a connection between an object and its name as written upon the black-board. Bishop Whipple, of the Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota, was present, and also made a few appropriate remarks. Misses McWhorter, Axtell and Hale, Mrs. Noyes, and Mr. Kelly, interpreted orally the essays that were rendered in signs.

During the forty weeks of school, three pupils, Miss Cartee, and Messrs. Thompson and Dodge, went through with a perfect record in all departments of the school, and were substantially remembered with presents for making such a good showing.

Miss Ella McWhorter, teacher of Articulation, has resigned on account of ill health. That is the only vacancy in our corps of instructors who are aware of.

Messrs. Smith and Thompson were here to witness the closing exercises, and staid over a day after to go fishing.

Thursday, June 11th, a party consisting of Misses Wicktom, Hale, Cartee, and Sternd, and Messrs. Wing, Smith, Thompson, and Kelly, moved out to Robert's Lake, and spent a whole day in picnicking and having a good time generally. There was a high wind, and they enjoyed rolling on the billows more than catching fish. All came home with a billed lobster complexion, and our matron had to skim three pans of yesterday night's milk to furnish cream for the tanned crew.

Prof. Noyes rides in a brand new buggy.—we cannot call it a barouche, but it is a very comfortable vehicle, and one that was greatly needed to take the place of the one which was bought in '75, painted and repaired, and shattered by a man sneezing in it.

The Institution looks deserted, and our old dog Nero sleeps all day on the sand pile near the engine house; but it will be enlivened in ten days by the reunion comers.

SABIN.

NEW YORK.

Strawberries and Ice-Cream.

ALBION—COLUMBIA.

Current Events.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

When Prof. W. G. Jones, or as he was called, the "Monarch of Fun" mounted the platform at the Guild's Strawberry and Ice-Cream Festival last Tuesday evening, June 9th, he met the intense and inquiring gaze of about 150 deaf-mutes, over whose faces a smile of greater or less degree was spreading. Prof. Jones gave a few bits of his family history, causally remarking that he was the father of three children and forty chickens, that he had taken to farming on a new improved and gigantic scale in his backyard, and he would give statistics for the anxious in the fall, etc. He then told the story of Admiral Farragut's victory in Mobile Bay. We won't attempt to describe it—it would be impossible. At the conclusion of his story, he was recalled, and then amused all by his oft-told tale of the "Nigger and the Watermelon," putting everyone in a good humor, and in the right state to enjoy the ice-cream.

Previous to Prof. Jones' ascent of the platform, Rev. Mr. Colt had opened the affair with prayer, and Mr. Carlin, Mr. Fox, Mr. Hodgson, and others, had made a few short speeches about ice-cream and strawberry festivals in general.

The "Jam Club," who had come all the way from Fanwood to sample the strawberries and ice-cream, were invited to render in concerted signs, "Yankee Doodle." They accepted the offer to display their ability to "sing," and led by their dignified President Miss Georgie Decker, they took their places. Misses Frankie Hawkins, Emily Wells, M. Croak, May Martin and Martha Ray raised their "voices" in praise of that old and venerable "cuss" in a manner that brought down the house.

Ice-cream was then announced, and every young gent and the old ones too, clasped arms with his girl, and marched into the dining-room. A big improvement had been made here. The tables this time were round, being suitable to accommodate just three "pairs," which was a great deal better than the two long tables that had been used formerly.

The berries were A 1, the ice-cream was the ice-cream, and the cake was just what cake should be, the waitresses were "just too lovely for anything." In the back regions, from whence came the faint, far off hum—for those who could hear—of the rattle of plates, spoons and glasses, and occasionally the sounds of a desperate wrestling match with an obstinate ice-cream freezer which refused to disgorge, were the gay and two hundred pounds of "Aunt" Simmons, washing things in a scientific manner, and Mr. Genet, who took all the freezers in hand and "downed" every one, too. The waitresses were Miss Noble, Miss Felver, Miss Berley, Miss Shute, Miss Reel, Miss Sheick, Miss Brinck, Mrs. Roberts, and one or two others.

There was a very important personage there. Such people are always important, especially among the gentler sex. He seemed too proud to sit down with the Guild and feast on ice-cream, but viewed the proceedings with a look of surprise and scorn, and at last, from disgust at the state of things, calmly went to sleep. This great person, whom no one rebuked for such a slight, was the six-months-old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Byran. He was carried home, sleeping peacefully, with about—we forget how many kisses.

Everybody was there. The Manhattan Literary Association, the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union, the Gallaudet Club, the Brooklyn Society, and every other club, association, or person of any consequence was on hand, and the whole adjourned at 11 p.m. The Guild members, who are so enthusiastic and entertaining when one of their affairs takes place, can now show their appreciation by attending the picnics and excursions of the other deaf-mute societies this summer—"one good turn deserves another." "Which is the most interesting reading: The history of the United States or England? For United States, G. L. Reynolds, Alexander Dezenford; for England, Henry Jurhing, Jacob Swart was written on the big blackboard in the rooms of the Brooklyn Society, last Wednesday evening.

As is always the case, the regular debaters made a very poor showing, but the volunteers came in hot and strong. It really was a good debate, as for the volunteers.

The volunteers began at the invasion of "Albion" by the Romans. They described Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, King John and all the other kings; the chivalry of the ancient warriors was noted, the bloody wars were reared in pictured signs, the room seemed to become a sea of blood. The panorama was then shifted to the glaring court splendors of old England. Diamonds flashed in great profusion, gold and other ornaments were seen everywhere, precious goods were plentiful, rare perfumes floated about. Suddenly another turn and the horrors of the inquisition were beheld; the crash of falling masts, the wails of the dying and the loud command of the officers were heard amid the roaring of the guns

at the battle of Trafalgar. Suddenly the scene of carnage vanished and the seats of learning were seen—Cambridge, Oxford, Rugby, etc., reared their magnificent piles, rounded off by the Crystal Palace, the Tower of London and the Houses of Parliament. The wars with France, Spain and every other countries were rehearsed.

"That name which scattered by disastrous blare
All Europe's bond-lines drawn afresh in blood,
Napoleon—from the Russia's west to Spain
And Austria trembled till we heard her chain."

The other side contended that English history was good enough as far as murderers, bloody wars, invasion and apprehension went, but as for them "give me liberty or give me death." The mysterious inhabitants of Central America were resurrected, their wonderful magnificent temples, monuments and palaces were re-erected. The streets were thronged with busy people—peace and prosperity was abroad,—but "Rome had its day" and (fertile imagination) a bloody war followed. Civilization ruined, the people were driven abroad and so it died out; the mound builders came in for their share of attention, the interesting and dime-novel yarns of "Spotted Sall." Man, with the "Plug Hat," and "Crooked Horn" were set up. The wars of the Revolution, the Boston Tea Party, the gold fields, and the boundless resources of the country were told. The Brooklyn Bridge reared its gigantic form, to be thrown over to make way for the Washington Monument, then Bartholdi's Statue, and going back, the victories of the Union on the ocean were told, and the sly and cunning debaters so worked up the patriotism of the youngsters present, that they came out ahead by a majority of two.

The excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association to Excelsior Grove on the Hudson, will afford a pleasant day's outing, and comes just at the proper time—midway between July 4th, and the picnic of the Brooklyn Society. We hope all deaf-mutes will put their shoulders to the wheel and feel amply repaid by the thought that they are doing a good action. President Ekardt's contradiction of Mr. Godfrey's stump speech at the room of the Brooklyn Society was unnecessary.

Messrs. Donohue, O'Brien, W. J. Reilly, Tresch, and a few others, of New York City, attendants of St. Francis Xavier's, which has closed for the summer, were at St. Charles Church last Sunday afternoon. A cordial invitation was extended them to come again and invite others to do so.

It is said that the exhibition of the Fordham School takes place on the 26th inst., instead of the 24th, as reported last week.

The nomination of the candidates for officers of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, took place last Wednesday. The election took place on the 17th inst.

Last week, some of the pupils of St. Joseph Institute, Fordham, were given a three days' retreat. On Thursday last, several were also confirmed.

The tickets of the Brooklyn Picnic at Bay View Park are now out. The park is splendidly located. It can be reached from New York, Jersey City and Newark, by the boats of the Sea Beach Railway, running to Coney Island. The park is one block from the station at the Third Avenue Junction, (the first station from the steamboat landing.)

John Lloyd, Jr., and John Hogan, who is neither Junior or Senior, are now setting type on Trow's City Directory, and are growing wealthy. John denies that he is engaged to either a New York belle or any other kind of a belle.

Julius F. Lang is now enjoying life in New York.

W. J. Reilly, the Corresponding Secretary of the C. L. B. U., has been unable to work for some time past, having been suffering from cold in the chest.

Mrs. W. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., is in town. She is stopping with her parents in Harlem.

Wonders will never cease. The gentlemanly and gushing recently elected treasurer of the Guild is going to be married—"so they say." It looks as if all the members of the Gallaudet Club have sworn to get married.

The Gallaudet Statue Fund.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Having read Treasurer Weeks' correspondence to the JOURNAL relating to a necessary bond. I thought at first that he should secure it as a general rule when he was appointed, but afterwards making a careful investigation of the case, I found it was not necessary for him to give the bond. It is a fact that Mr. Newell, Treasurer of the Clero Memorial, and Prof. Draper, Treasurer of the Garfield Memorial, were never required to give bonds. Their financial records were good and satisfactory. The treasurers of the different associations in this country, who had erected statues in this beautiful capital, never gave bonds. Well, the matter about Mr. Weeks' case ought to be dropped. As his honesty is undoubted and unquestionable, it would be safe enough to place the money in his hands, whether secured or not. He has my endorsement. It is hoped that the Executive Committee should not comply with his request to be relieved from the "arduous duty" as Treasurer.

SMONG.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 6-15-'85.

An Oakland, Cal., boy has calculated that there are 508,000 beans in a barrel. This information should be of some value in Boston.

CINCINNATI.

Wedding Bells.

THE SOCIETY—NEWS AND NOTES.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

For some years our mute community has not had the privilege of seeing the wedding ceremony in "our" language, and the news of the approaching marriage of Harry White to Miss Mollie Mann created quite a flutter. Miss Mann is a graduate of the Ohio School, and lived with her parents up on the hills in Pendleton. She was the only semi-mute lady in town. Mr. White—but every one knows him, and its unnecessary to say who and what he is. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church at 4 p.m., Wednesday, June 10th, and was witnessed by several hundred people, a large percentage of whom were mutes. The speaking people, to whom the affair was entirely new and novel, almost stretched their necks out of joint when the two came up the aisle, and took their place before Revs. Gallaudet and Mann, and when the beautiful marriage ceremony of the Episcopal Church had been silently performed and the two souls united into one, no one seemed to comprehend that it was really a wedding they had seen. After a bridal supper at the St. Nicholas, the happy couple took the evening train for their future home in Salt Lake City.

Your reporter got a lady friend to describe the bride's toilet, which she did at great length, but unfortunately for the female portion of my readers, I lost it. I only remember she had a toilet of white and natural flowers, and looked as well as any bride it was ever my privilege to see.

It seems Cincinnati ladies are more appreciated by residents of other cities than by "our boys," or perhaps, the boys themselves are not appreciated. Miss Cook married a Sandusky gent. Miss Mann was captured by a Boston mute, and I hear another lady here—but all in good time.

Among those present at this wedding was Miss Hallie Holland, of Eaton, O., an old friend and school-mate of the bride. She was in the enjoyment of perfect health, and has been; but some time ago it was published that she was lying at the point of death at some hospital in Dayton or Springfield. She was quite indignant, as the statement was a malicious falsehood. She has a comfortable home and plenty of friends, and was in such apparent good health that if she was to meet the person who originated that statement, he might have business at a hospital—that is, supposing she lost her temper.

Combined services were held in this city, as per announcement, by Revs. Mann, Gallaudet and Benedict, on June 9th, and a very fair audience was present.

Frank Chrisman has been out of work for over a month, and talks of going home to Louisville. As our gas works are in good condition, we can spare him.

Mr. Luttrell is still round town. Saw him distributing hand-bills on Fifth Street, recently.

Misses Morin and Woloki have removed to more commodious apartments at 86 Betts Street, where their friends are welcome.

In my account of Miss Morin's surprise party, I had Mrs. Sparks down as one of "us young folks," but she says she declines to be so classed. And yet, she is not apparently so extremely aged any way.

Many bad stories, true and false, are told of us, Cincinnati boys, but I rise to remark that one particular silliness no mute here is guilty of—smoking cigarettes. Good for the boys!

The Society has come to its senses and is allowing Mr. Hoagland the sick benefits to which he is entitled.

The Catholic mutes are trying to have services in their religion held at the Cathedral in the sign language. As Rev. Mann said in his sermon, such divisions are wrong, and will create only ill-feeling. But if they want to try it on, I shan't turn my lance against them. Any one who knows the mutes here, will have no fear that any of them will be afflicted with religious mania. It will amuse them for a time.

Prof. Sam Freeman and wife are coming north about July.

The Gallaudet Memorial brings to mind the Garfield statue. Subscribers were promised a photograph of it. Where, Oh, where is that photograph?

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."

Andrew Vorrish, peddler from Tenn., was in town lately.

Rev. Mann will be here July 18th and 19th.

Your reporter is in receipt of a circular from Rome, N. Y., concerning a new publication to be issued in November. As said circular calls for suggestions allow me to make one. If the people who propose to run the Aid expect to make anything or get any subscribers, they want to let us mutes know who is running it. No names, no cash. This suggestion is not expected to be paid for, I make it "free gratis, for nothing." And the circular ain't very explicit, either. Please explain what the "professional" interests of deaf-mutes are.

About the time Harry White left Boston for Utah, the following "break" was made:

Oh, Harry, what is this I hear—
They say you've skipped from Boston town,
And that your vagrant fancy loans
To countries where the sun goes down.
To me, I'm sure, it is not clear,
What need was there so far to go,
When you would meet kind welcome here
From the fair maid of Ohio.

Oh, Harry, Harry, tell me now,
In honest truth, why did you go?
Why did you leave the land of beans
Behind, two thousand miles or so?
The very queer to me, I vow,
I fear you were—how came you so?
To seek the land of many wives
And leave the maid of Ohio.

But, however, when he returned for the "maid," the following verso was added:

Oh, Harry, I am glad to learn
Your cranium's level after all;
That 'e'en the loss of Boston's beans
Turned not your honest heart to gall.
Again your fancy eastward turns,
And I'm rejoiced to see it so,
I know it is your worth that earns
For you the maid of Ohio.

"And we should ever pray."

FREE LANCE.

A Mute Vagabond.

DEAR JOURNAL:—"Nemo," of Hartford, Conn., described Thomas Wallace, (a very able bodied tramp) exactly, and asked who he was, and where he was educated. Wallace is not his real name. I am convinced, but I will tell all I know of him, and his real name. Several years ago he came to Easton, Maryland, for the first time, said he was a tramp, doing nothing, and he was educated at Fanwood, N. Y. He had no money, so he said, but he said he had a place engaged as a machinist in Wilmington, Del. I gave him some money to get something to eat, and got him off for Delaware on a pass. Two or three years afterwards he visited Easton again in precisely the same condition, and I sent him off to Delaware on a pass to secure the situation he pretended to have obtained. I was ignorant of his real character all along the time.

Some time afterwards I met Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in Baltimore, told him of Wallace, and of a supposed forged recommendation he had in his possession from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in which some words were misspelt. From the description I gave of Wallace, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet suspected that he was no other than *Thos. Scott*, well known in New York, and his suspicion proved to be correctly founded, for Wallace paid Easton his third visit two years ago and registered at a hotel as "*Thomas Scott*, of New York." I took him to the task about it when he said *Thos. Scott* was his real name. He peddled alphabet cards at this time. I gave him a lecture and prohibited him from visiting Easton any more.

A few weeks ago Wallace, alias *Scott*, came to Easton again, and peddled the same kind of alphabet cards, with the same words as "Nemo" gave in the last "JOURNAL." He hurried away to Delaware on the noon train, after a few hours' peddling, without calling on me. The first news of his presence in town was by seeing his cards in the hands of some of my friends on the same day.

No doubt Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and some deaf-mutes in New York can tell the readers of the JOURNAL about *Thos. Scott*, alias *Thos. Wallace*. He is a grand scoundrel and swindler. He swindled several deaf-mutes in Baltimore by borrowing money on false pretenses, and forgetting to pay his hotel and boarding house board bills.

Last April, a deaf-mute (so called) named "David Ball, of Baltimore," so printed on packages of stationery, (with some printed words appealing for "sympathy for a poor deaf-mute," which he peddled, but he never called on me, for as soon as he heard of me, he went off in a hurry on the noon train for Delaware. I firmly believe he was an impostor, because some deaf-mutes from Baltimore, of whom I inquired, never heard of that name (David Ball) before, nor did I.

Two weeks ago, another deaf-mute, hailing from Baltimore, whose name I could not find out, peddled hereabouts, folded cards with single and double handed alphabets, without name or word printed or written on them. He told some of my friends that he knew me well, but he never called on me, nor told any one his name. He took hasty leave from Easton before I could find him. Possibly, he may have been an impostor. The impostors seem to have a holy terror of educated deaf-mutes, for the mention of my name frightened away some other so-called deaf-mutes.

Several other deaf-mutes have peddled soap, pictures, and other things hereabouts, since January, 1885, from abroad.

Yours fraternally,

TALBOT.

Massachusetts.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL, I noticed an amusing incident, in the Massachusetts items, over the signature of "Hampton," where the writer counts himself twice, as a guest at a party, under his own name, and also his *nom-de-plume*.

This reminds me of a story my grandmother used to tell of my great-uncle, William Stevens.

When a youth he was invited to a party, and his mother objected to his attending it, saying none of his set would attend.

He went, and no one was present except himself.

The next morning his mother (who was quite deaf) asked him who attended the party?

And Bill replied, in a low voice, "I went and Bill went, and Bill Stevens, and Mr. William Stevens."

The old lady, hearing it indistinctly said, "Well,

